**The Hot Fudge Sundae**

**In front of me on the table sat a beautiful pure white bowl, simplistic in design, hiding a decadent surprise inside. In the bowl was hidden something that was not so pure, however, the irresistible indulgence was worth every calorie that I knew it contained.**

**The smell made my mouth water a river; Daydreaming that I am in a chocolate factory house. The sweet savor of vanilla and chocolate ice cream filled the air. As I looked inside I saw on the bottom of the bowl a hot, tender brownie loaded with macadamia nuts. I knew from past experience that the nuts had a creamy and smooth texture, almost like white chocolate. On top of the brownie were two firmly packed scoops of ice cream, laying side by side, each one a different flavor. The scoop on the right was a rich vanilla, flecked with dark specks of vanilla bean. The scoop on the left was a dark, smooth, bittersweet chocolate. The scoops were just starting to melt tiny rivers of melted cream down the sides of the hot brownie, pooling on the bottom of the pure white bowl. These scoops of ice cream were draped with a sumptuous, rich, hot fudge sauce.**

**Topping the luscious sauce was an ample dollop of whipped cream that was in perfect contrast to the dense, almost too rich dessert below. The whipped cream was topped with a shower of chocolate sprinkles and finely chopped walnuts. What finally completed this wonderful creation was a perfect maraschino cherry, its red juice sending tiny streams down the whole mountain of dessert delight. The contrast of colors, textures and flavors in this dessert appealed to every part of my senses.**

**I quickly grabbed my spoon to experience this delightful surprise. My spoon rushed to the dessert but in my eyes my hand with the spoon seemed to move in slow motion. One spoonful…entered my mouth ….Ahhhhhh I am in paradise. Every taste was full of delight. I’m floating on cloud nine. I want this feeling to be never ending.**

At twelve pounds and less than a foot tall, my best friend, Jada, is a ball of energy. With her white and golden fur, she resembles a gremlin with mammothly clever eyes that always seem to be smiling. She is my Pekingese. Her mouth wide open showing her protruding under bite announcing crooked teeth to the world. All this, along with her “big girl” mentality, only add to her charm. Do not let her miniature stature mislead you. Others like her have made this miscalculation, only to learn that her bite and bark are of the same volume. As strong as her mindset is, her loyalty is fiercer. She will hands down embrace my lap over her mountain of toys, terrorizing the neighbor dogs, or hunting unsuspecting cats. Lest I forget this, Jada will cease what she is doing, and unanticipatedly jump into my lap to emphasize her presence. Without fail, I can walk into a room, and Jada will sprint to me, tail whirling so hurriedly, for a second I think she might actually propel herself off the ground. It is as is she has not seen me in months, forgetting that only an hour ago, I was the one forcing her into the tub for the loathsome bath. I am the movie star she makes me feel like. I can do no wrong in those forgiving gremlin eyes of hers. She is my Pekingese.